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Tuesday, November 26, 1957

Went to the Secretary's staff meeting this morning, and then had a number of interviews on German problems. We lunched alone with the Krekelers; I find him always [redacted] open, intelligent and co-operative. While we were there, news came through of the President's slight stroke, and of his consequent decision not to attend the NATO Conference. I feel terribly sorry for Mamie and the President.

I have seen Allen Dulles, Eleanor Dulles (about Berlin, of course), Douglas Dillon, Loy Henderson, and many others. Feverish preparations are under way for the Paris affair.

Tonight we dined alone with Kay and Phil Graham. Phil has been away from his office for some weeks, apparently on the edge of a nervous breakdown. Ordinarily the most gregarious of men, he no longer wants to see anyone. He has resorted to a psychiatrist, whom I do not envy, for Phil, with his overpowering personality, is much more likely to break down the doctor than vice versa. Although he is screamingly funny on the subject, his condition is somewhat disturbing. I love them both.

Wednesday, November 27, 1957

At the Department, then to the dentist to have my teeth shined. I lunched with dear George Garrett at the Metropolitan Club. Pre-lunch, Arthur Krock entertained us with some of his inexhaustible stock of

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